

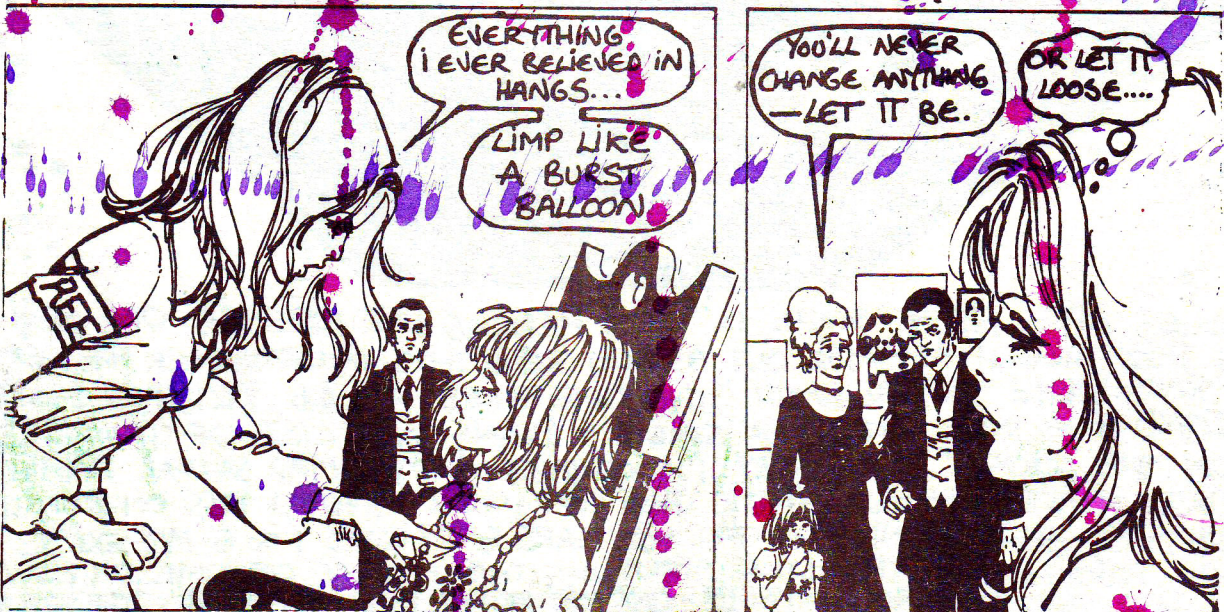
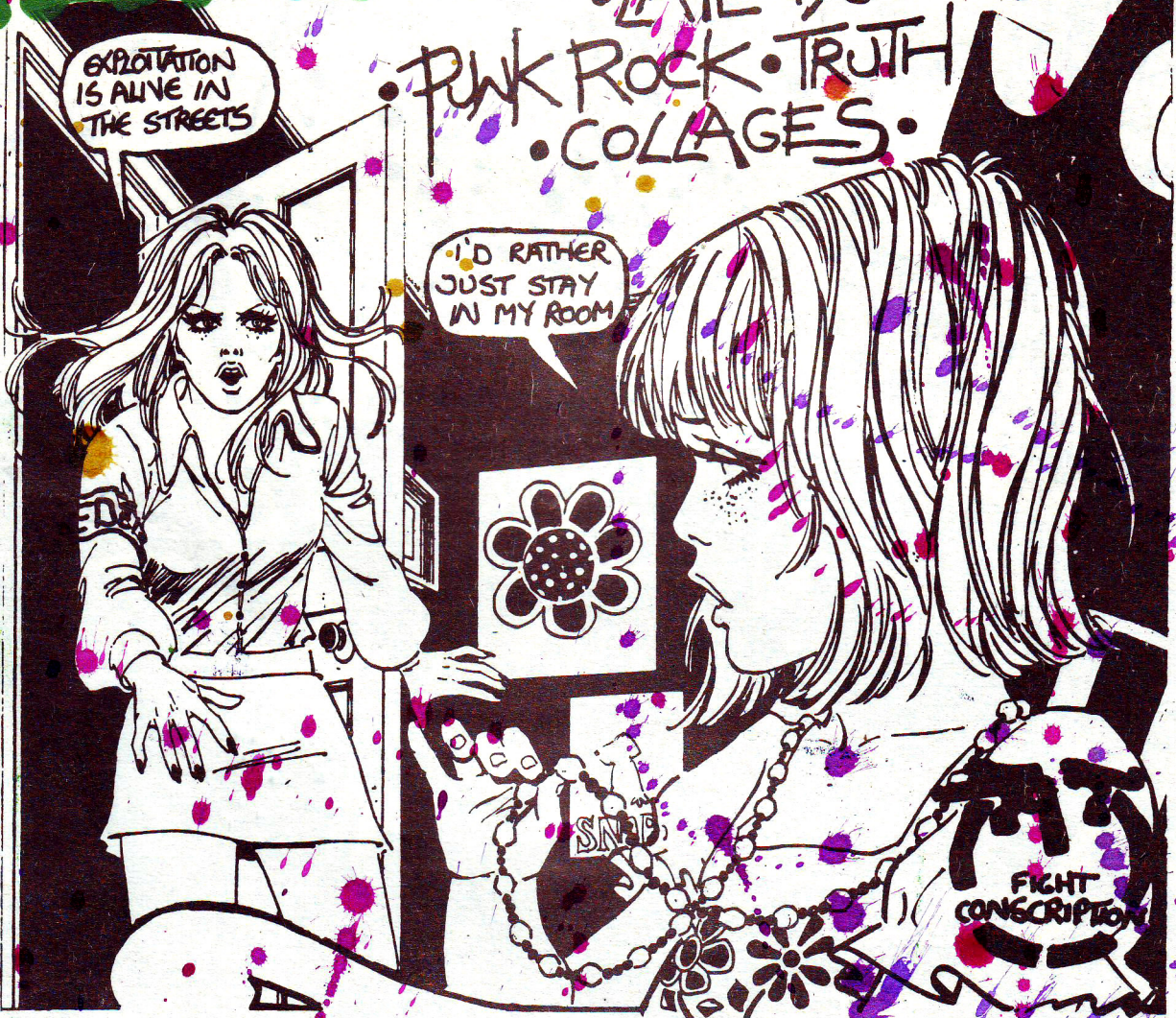
25¢

# CLEVELAND

• LATE 1980 • No. 9

• PUNK ROCK • TRUTH  
• COLLAGES •

• Rock 'n' Roll in 1980 • APF LYRICS • PATTI SMITH •



Rock 'n' Roll is our wheel to get in motion.....

JOHNNY YEN • POETRY • CAPTAIN AMERICA •

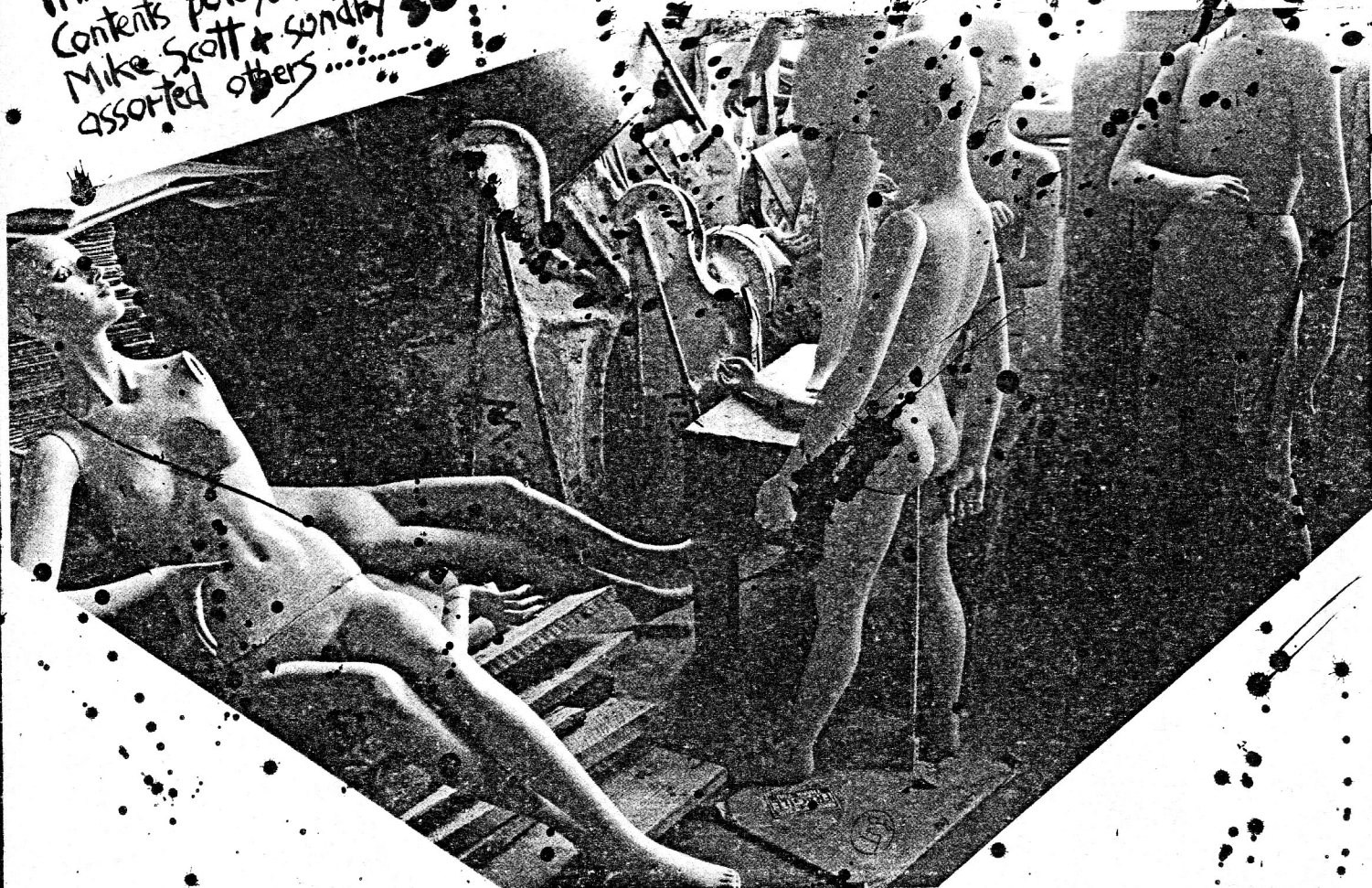


# JUNGLELAND

NINE

Write to MIKE Scott  
First Flat  
16 Cadzow Place  
Abbeyhill  
Edinburgh

Printed mostly by Budge  
Contents put together by  
Mike Scott + sundry  
assorted others.....



BITS + PIECES: APF'S NEXT SINGLE IS "ONLY HEROES LIVE FOREVER" ON NEW LABEL, "CHICKEN JAZZ", THOUGH IT MAY BE OUT AS YOU READ THIS. CHIC DRUMMER HAS LEFT APF FOR THE SCARS. WRITE TO AYR BAND "THE ONETAKES" AT 46 ELLISLAND SQUARE, AYR, SCOTLAND FOR INFO ON THEIR SINGLE + PLANS. LAST LINK OF THIN LIZZY'S "KILLER ON THE LOOSE" IS "HONEY I'M CONFESSIN' I'M A MAD SEXUAL RAPIST" - HOW CAN MENTALLY HEALTHY PEOPLE WRITE THIS SHIT? PHIL LYNOTT, I PISS ON YOU, SCUMBAG. THIS IS THE FIRST JUNGLELAND FOR TWO + 1/2 YEARS. EARLY ISSUES 1 TO 8 MAY STILL BE ABOUT BUT AREN'T PARTICULARLY INTERESTING AFTER ALL THIS PASSAGE OF TIME. OH HOW WE'VE CHANGED! THERE SHOULD BE FUTURE ISSUES - ONE MAY INCLUDE FLEXIDISC OF APF'S "THE WITNESSES".....



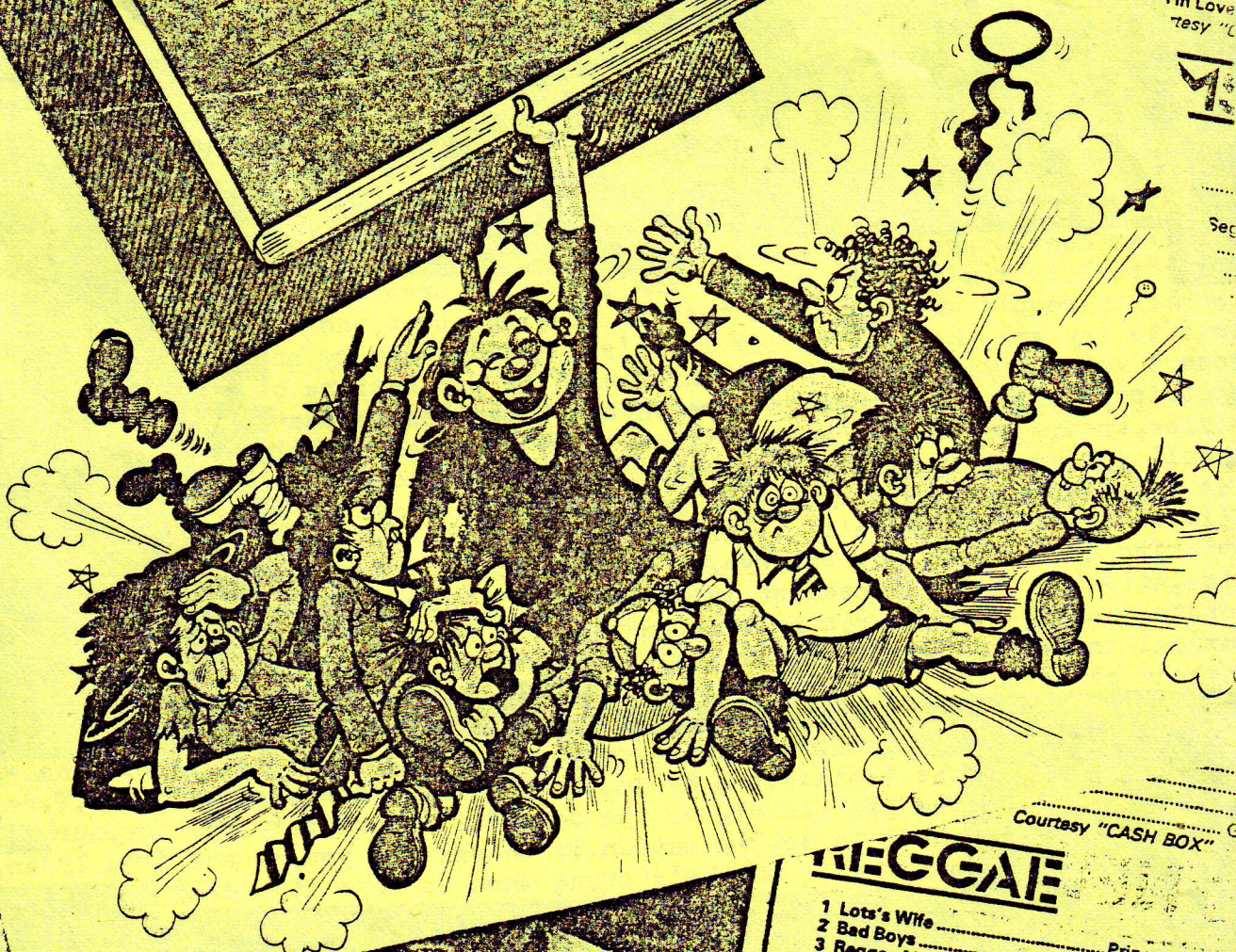
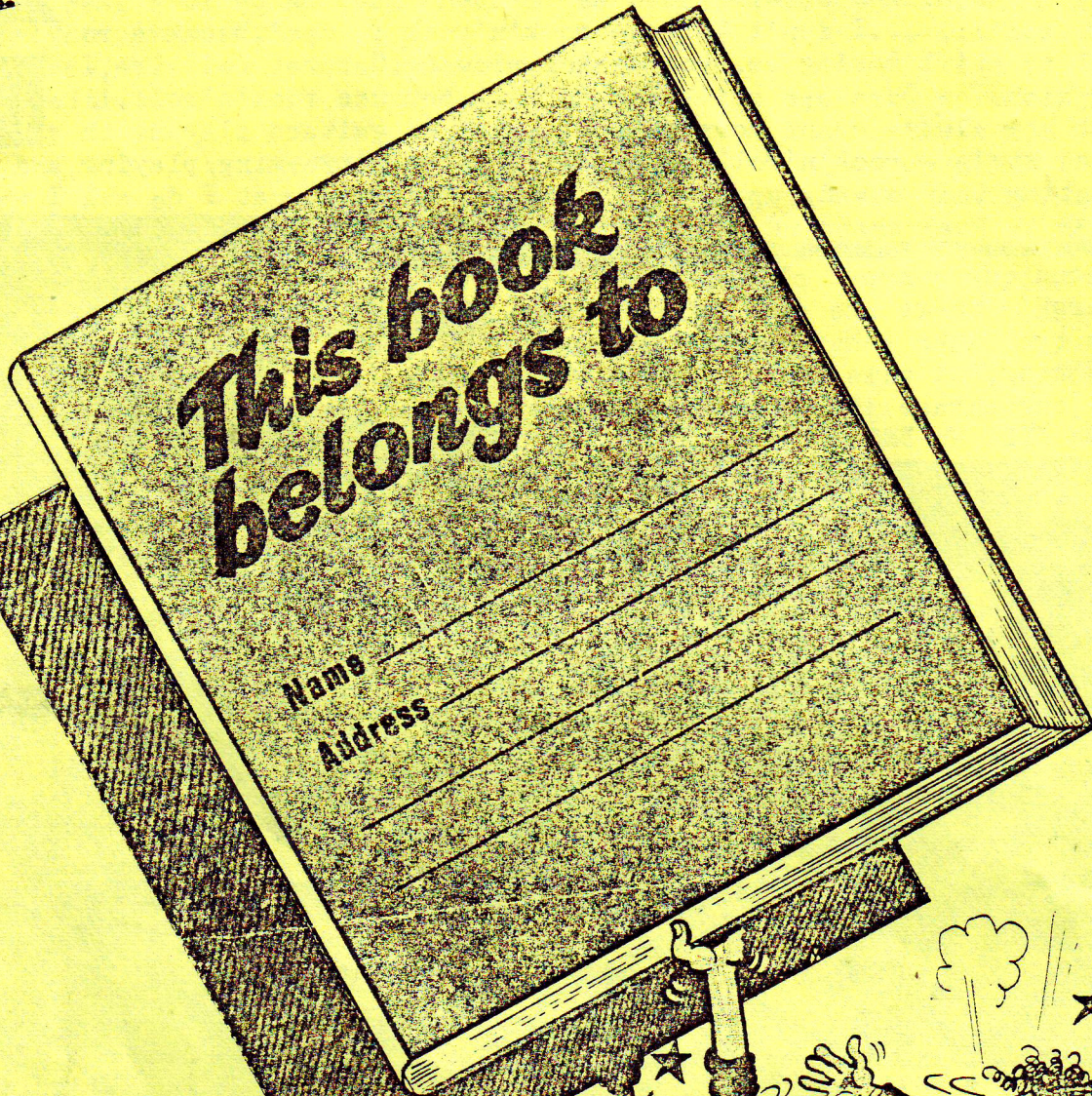
# THE CHART

## K SINGLES

- Last  
Week
- (1) Dance Yourself D
  - (6) Sexy Eyes
  - (3) W

## US SINGLES

- This Last Week
- (1) Call Me
  - (2) Another
  - (4) Ride Like
  - (3) Working
  - (14) Lost In Lo
  - (5) Crazy Litt
  - (8) Special La
  - (11) With You I
  - (9) Fire Lake
  - (10) I Can't Tell
  - (12) Off The Wall
  - (7) Too Hot
  - Sexy Eyes
  - You May Be
  - How Do I Mak
  - Longer
  - Pilot Of The Ai
  - Hold On To My
  - And The Beat C
  - on't Fall In Lov



## REGGAE

- April 15, 1975
- Bay City Ro
  - Peter Shelley (i
  - Goodies (B
  - Jim Gilstrap (Ch
  - Guys & Dolls (Ma
  - Guys & Whatnauts (All Platin
  - Kenny (A
  - Bobby Goldsboro (U
  - Mike Reid (Py

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

## REGGAE

- 1 Lots's Wife
  - 2 Bad Boys
  - 3 Reggae Music
  - 4 Jah Jah Children
  - 5 Jogging
  - 6 What's Cooking
  - 7 Bucket Bottom
  - 8 Let The People
- Prince Allah (R
  - Tristan Palmer (She
  - Horac
  - Freddie McGreg
  - Jah T



WHEN ARE THE DEAD  
NOT DEAD?  
YOU WILL LEARN THE  
SHOCKING ANSWER

Johnny rotten 1980; "rock'n'roll is dead".

a lovely thing to say, it rolls off the tongue with as much panache as  
'I don't work/I just speed/that's all I need'.  
somewhere between 'belsen was a gas' and 'death disco' johnny must  
have made that observation, but then any culture which produces a  
song as awful and oft-imitated as 'belsen' must be on it's last  
legs. still..... I don't believe rock'n'roll is dead, because rock'n'  
roll is still moving on, progressing, growing. Cabaret Voltaire, Joy  
Division, The Cure are still rock'n'roll, because rock'n'roll, like  
punk has always meant more than a thrash of guitars playing in a  
fixed style - rock'n'roll is an attitude to performing/playing and  
creating that stands up and says loudly "this is what I do and I am  
going to keep changing. keep moving".

that's why status quo stopped playing rock'n'roll a long time  
ago and why Edinburgh's Scars are slap bang in there.

you can always tell when something's dead because it stops  
twitching and throbbing, but this thing we have still throbs like  
hell and we should paraphrase jim morrison's maxim that says  
"TAKE ME AS I AM OR KILL ME BECAUSE I SHALL CHANGE".

six months ago I wrote this;  
"real rock'n'roll is a sound and lifestyle created by  
committed people who know what they're singing about, who have  
lots to say and the will to say it. It's a melody sung by an  
honest voice trying to be heard, unfettered by pretensions or  
gotrips, making music that is more than a throwback to past  
styles, trends and sounds (whither thou, madness?). rock'n'roll  
should say or be something - rebellion with a purpose. forget  
the rebel without cause myth, find your cause, and leave the  
film in the cinema where it belongs. rock'n'roll is about  
ticking up for what you believe, be it by playing charity  
 gigs, sticking with independant labels, survival through  
 constant change - whatever is true to yourself and your own  
 musical and social motivation without compromising yourself for  
 anybody or anything you disagree with."

rock'n'roll is ours. it no longer belongs to bill haley,  
the beatles, bob dylan, the rolling stones, led zeppelin, T. Rex,  
the sex pistols or the damned. it's our baby, our toy, our  
wheel to set in motion. it belongs to you, me and john lydon.  
and that's why he's wrong when he says it's dead.

mike scott.



THIS PAPER IS DEDICATED TO THE FUTURE.

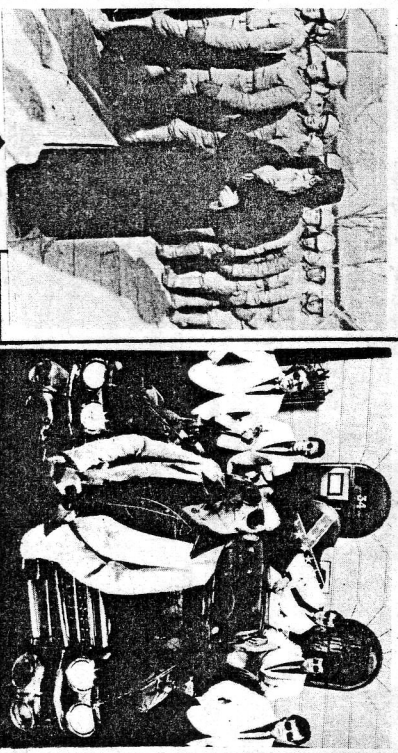
OPINIONS EXPRESSED  
 IN "JUNGLELAND"  
 ARE JUST THAT -  
 OPINIONS, AND AS  
 SUCH SHOULD  
 NOT BE TAKEN AS  
 GOSPEL. ANY  
 SUGGESTIONS  
 MOOTED IN THESE  
 PAGES IS WITHOUT  
 ANY MALICIOUS  
 INTENT TO DAMAGE  
 OR OTHERWISE.  
 THE WORD "SCUM"  
 IS ALSO OPINION,  
 AND IS NOT INTENDED  
 AS EITHER DEFINITIVE  
 OR PERSONALLY  
 DAMAGING. JS

**CAN YOU PLEASE CRAWL OUT YOUR WINDOW**

Matchbox classics is a label from Carlisle whose third release is an 8 track 7" e.p. featuring 8 bands. The 8 bands, all from Carlisle are; the spivs, veldt, no support the pedestrians, the limps, kirsky and the husbands, mr. builder, and the toolbox murderers, all the tracks are under 2 1/2 minutes long and sound quality is, despite the length, fine, if they can do it, so can you, contact m.b. classics at; 60 broad st., Carlisle, Cumbria.



**A STRANGE PICTURE SENT FROM IRELAND BY BEN ALLEN. WHO IS IT?**



this man is french pianist Jacques Loussier, who you may have heard of. his style is a mix of classical and jazz, though Loussier takes old styles and melodies, rips them apart and kicks them back together again, changed and updated. he played in Edinburgh on november first and gave a performance that rendered musical categorisation null and redundant, even 'classical' and 'jazz' miss the mark by miles. he plays piano with the sole accompaniment of drums. the music is halting, shifting, erratic, brilliant. the concert programme stated that "Loussier wants to show his audiences the beauty of sound, space and silence" he did. Loussier's new music is available on an lp called "pulsion" where the drums and piano create together 8 pieces. the lp's catalogue number is CBS 64179. don't take no notice of Loussier because he works in fields outwith contemporary rock music, few rock musicians are doing anything nearly as innovative as this, and like i said this music defies categorisation.

TV Smith and the great explorers saw them at dingwall's in London 4 months ago and they were very good. tv has a single out in a month or so comprising "toma-hawk cruise" and "see europe" on the chiswick label not his 2 best songs, but that's only my opinion. if you get the chance to see them live - do, and listen for "looking down on London", "I am your servant" and, best of all, "the easy way".



Amnesty International works to free prisoners of conscience all over the world; people who have committed no crimes, who are not violent, who are in captivity because they have beliefs that oppose people in power. Amnesty International need help and they need to be heard - contact them at tower house, 8 Southampton St., London WC2E 7HT for full information.

O! O! O! em have just released "O! the album", compiled by Garry Bushnell and featuring, among others, the cockney rejects, exploited and the 4 skins in all their chaotic wasteland thrash glory. their music means utterly nothing to me, but Garry's statements do. "if there is a new punk emerging it's the responsibility of the participants not to play into the hands of the demagogues, but to keep their protest and righteous wrath unkindled by power games". quite no gal, but why do you, in the same article ("teenage warning", centre pages, snouds 1-11-80) advocate the imminent signing of the 4-skins to a major label. surely the last 4 years have taught Garry that the speedy way to be watered down and rendered soft as a wet tea bag is to sign to a major. "O!" is a fine example - bushnell sees it as hard, uncompromising rebel music, but it's released through a vast conglomerate called emi, to whom the rejects et al are no more than figures on a profit sheet, and Garry, it the skids are "the thinking man's O! O! band" then what does that make the others? Eric Clapton in his review of "O!" states the "movement's detractors, but really, the whole thing is so full of contradictions, careless references to violence and rock for sexism (what??), that "O!" is its own worst enemy.

alterations in the article on "rock and roll" on page 4, it says that "Edinburgh's scars are slap bang in there". since writing the piece i don't think this is so. the scars are a very good, and definitely innovative band. in that they are a "rock", "roll" band, but i don't think they have anything to do with idealistic commitment and dedication to change outwith musical styles and formats, and in the sounds/sid "total shift" article, among sounds' conscientious writers is Johnny Waller of Edinburgh. i do think Johnny is a conscientious writer, but how can the review of sheena Easton and the comments made therein be justified? re. the Bruce Springsteen article; "two hearts" from his new album is worthy too. and John Lennon - since the Lennon page was done, he's released a single "just like starting over" and has an album due. the single sounds like a direct continuance of the path taken on the "rock", "roll" album. good to hear it and know it's not tailored to meet usa radio standards.

matchbox are the face of rebellion turned cabaret, twenty years have turned old rock and roll into a lurching old biddy. sure there are people still putting life into it, but it's dopes like matchbox who sell the records. perhaps in 1995 there will be people playing chicken in a basket versions of "white riot" and "hurry up harry" (quite likely in fact). matchbox? they ain't nuttin but hounddogs and they ain't no friends of mine.

the saga of the girl who falls in love with dapper Garry Bushnell but jilts him for suave nick Kent, along the way demonstrating with alarming exactness the female stereotype as displayed in magazines, comics, advertisements, tv shows and rarely in real life. ah, the angel eternal female who needs to be dominated, to work, to live, to wait for HIM. is the three degrees? "my simple heart" the most offensive record ever made? rainbow and thin lizzy may be brutally stupid, but the three degrees have it over them any day.

**I THOUGHT I WANTED A BOY I COULD DOMINATE--A BOY WHO WOULD BE NO STRONGER THAN I.**

**MAYBE THAT'S WHAT SOME FEMALES WANT--**

**BUT I'M NOT ONE OF THEM.**



all material printed in Jung Ireland is copyright 1980 and belongs to the author(s) concerned. "the easy way" is copyright 1980, TV Smith. "industries" was written in a car between ayr and goudock, Scotland in July 1978 and is copyright 1980, Mike Scott.

a verse from Simon Oleg of Glasgow, "are there no pips in cherry?" said the martrows in the frame and the little apple in the tree blushed and blushed with shame.

**FOR MY FATE IN NO ONE'S HANDS BUT MINE FOR NEITHER SERVANT NOR ACTOR SHALL I BE AND THIS REGGION IS MY STRENGTH, MY ASPIRATION FOR IN MY ABILITIES AND IN MY FITH I MAY YET WIN FOR I HAVE THE CHOICE.**

most of this fanzine was photocopied at Ronde's in Alameda Street, Convent, also by Budde at the place next door to Ronde's. stuff Mike by Mike Scott, Kevin Leyland and Bob Bitts by John Calowell.







# PEARLS & SCUM

ALIVE ALIVE O!

GRASS. The very name sends some into a frenzy of horror, it sends others rushing with crude paint for their leather jackets. I don't like grass's music. I can't listen to it for long, but I do respect what they say and what they're doing. stood up next to issues like grass's kind of anarchy, disarrangement and freedom. mere musical tastes seem superfluous. penny rimband's article on anarchy and peace in the current issue of 'In the City' provoke (number fifteen) is very worth reading, and very thought-provoking. With records selling at cheap prices (including those by two other bands plus honey bane), and profits going towards an

THE DOGMA CATS are a 4 piece band from cambridge. THE DOGMA TIC DUO is half of the dogma cats. on a label called Leisure Sounds they have released a cassette and a single. the cassette features one side each by the cats and the duo. side one is 'live at the dogma cafe' in front of an audience of one, and the other side has 16 tracks by the duo on a variety of likely and unlikely 'instruments'. the single, just released, is "experts" c/w "choke" (leisure sounds srs 33) - "experts" is a chunk of xtc-ist new pop. "choke" is almost bluesy. more releases are planned on leisure sounds, in fact they're interested in getting tapes from bands. the address is: 63 glisson road, cambridge cb1 2hg. the dogma cats/dogmatic duo can be contacted at 9 whitecroft road, meldeeth, royston, herts sg8 6nd.



# REBELLION BY PROXY!

Mostly never-seen-before photographs of the late punk rock musician as baby, toddler, youth and later. Captions in his mother's own handwriting.

A strong cult has developed around Sid Vicious since his untimely death. This has been consolidated by release of the Virgin record 'Sid Shits' (now approaching sales of 60,000 copies), as well as his appearance in 'The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle' movie now on general release throughout the UK, following its record-grossing premiere appearance at the London Pavilion. There is also a thriving pirate market of Sid artefacts (posters, badges, tee-shirts, armbands, etc...)

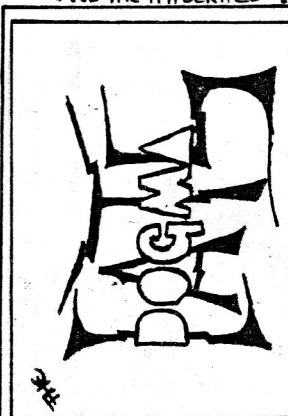
September 1980  
ISBN 0 907080 07 3 £1.95  
240mm x 330mm 36 pages 85 photos in B&W

World Rights Available  
First Serial UK Rights sold to the Daily Mirror  
these clips are from a new Virgin Books catalogue where virgin's intended cheeky entrepreneurs image meets the hard sell. his "untimely death" they state, with a deadpan that approaches obscenity. "in his mother's own handwriting" is obscene. as sick as a fairground freak display, the price is £1.95 and there are an awesome 36 pages. the serial rights are sold to the daily mirror. can you believe this ??? words fall me. it's all so sick and disgusting was it the daily mirror who asked "punk?" and replied "call it filthy lucree" back in nineteen seventy-grundy? and now it's just so much good copy. look at the young photo of the "punk rock musician" - wide eyed and innocent. he died in moronic squalor and virgin make blatant money out of that kind of tragedy. if i were richard branson or one of his cronies i'd kill myself because a life without self respect is no life at all.

anarchist centre (where people can find out what crass mean by anarchy (and it isn't simple chaos)) and g/g prices pegged at £1 - who can say crass aren't committed and achieving things. crass can be contacted c/o rough trade, 202 kensington park road, london west eleven.

ZIGZAG. 22's small label catalogue (75p from 118 talbot rd, london w11) gives addresses/phone numbers of lots of distributors, plus studios. a very good book to have if releasing your own single (or lp). also details of hundreds of independent record labels.

REMEMBER VINCE SHIRLWIND! AND THE HYPOCRITES!



MUSIC WEEK YEARBOOK: £4.00 from music week, 40 long acre, covert garden, london w2, with full lists of studios, pressing plants, sleeve and label printers and record labels. useful. ZOUNDS. categorised as crass-clones by journalists too lazy to invent their own pointless pigeon holes. the zounds single is, to my ears, great. "war" is the best track, but that's just my opinion. zounds want to be heard so listen to the record. it's on the crass label, with 2 other tracks for 75p.

# CABARET 123456...

write to ben allen, cabaret 6, I carnhill avenue, newtownabbey, glengormley, co. antrim, n. ireland bt3 6-6le. .... for his list of addresses for fanzines, cassettes and other things. (enclose sae). this list is very useful!

WHERE ARE YOU WHEN? WE NEED YOU RICHARD! HE!!



I got a postcard from the people pictured above. unfortunately there was no personal message, just printed info. they are: vice versa, who describe themselves as a "chainsaw pop group" and claim "we will provide the soundtrack for the second industrial revolution". hummmmm on a positive note they end; "we view... change as strength, ours is a doctrine of perpetual development, always forward, now as neo. we are seeking your co-operation." okay then, I've co-operated, but send me a letter from you to me next time, ok? VICE VERSA: 44 howood road, sheffield s11 8TG telephone: (0742) 665605.

MAIL ART: for full details on mail art via open letters with no limits on subject matter, write to Pete Lawrence, 23 piper's close, fowlmere, near royston, herts, sg8 7rt. mail art is about COMMUNICATION.

FAST PRODUCT: now do a distribution service in Scotland and parts of England and will distribute most scottish indie - endant 45's: phone 031-661-7811

if you read through this fanzine you must have replies or comments to make - do write to the address on page 2. jungleland isn't written solely for satisfaction or fun, it's written with the purpose of communicating, and communication is a two way thing. if you disagree with something (or agree) write and tell us or better still do an article and it'll probably be printed next time around - anyone can write for jungleland.

CND

FIGHT FOR THE RIGHT TO LIVE!!!

50,000 people marched against nuclear arms in london last month. add your support by supporting CND: THE CAMPAIGN FOR NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT, 29 GREAT JAMES STREET, LONDON WC1 3EJ ask for petitions to fill, info, badges, posters, plans, ideas, ways of helping, instructions. the only way to bury war and destruction is to build together. 50,000 is a big number but 50,001 is a bigger one.

# MORE MINDLESSNESS...

elitism by proxy; also from virgin books is "rock stars in their underpants" by obnoxious society bore, paula yates. "fun christmas present!" gushes virgin's publicity buffoon. the kind of artefact you look through once and then leave lying round the room for people to roll joints on. how wonder - fully decadent, dears. at £4.95 it must be. fuck this shit and buy 20 fanzines instead. or else simply buy record mirror for 20 weeks to savour paula's unspeakably moronic gossip column over the months. like thin lizzy's pseudo rape glamour single "killer on the loose", paula yates is the worst kind of trash.



# THE EASY WAY

TV SMITH  
AND  
LONDON BY  
MCCOTT

london stinks and shines at the same time. the sour bird of paradise shifts on my shoulder. picadilly circus is neon dull. ah what wonderment, the heartbeat of the country, where every thing happens, everything can be bought or sold. grey people rush like skittles through the lights and the windows of london, with faces betraying fear, apprehension, mistrust and acceptance. the open faced, open minded friendly old time londoner is fading fast replaced by the new grey untermensch, hemmed in and beaten down by the hugeness, coldness and passiveness of the great city. little pockets of activity, fire and awareness shiver and bubble, all but unnoticed by the hordes of human freight.

tuesday october 21st. in a crowded van we drive through the city, through its ripped iggy backsides. the human freight are either inside bland lit battery rooms or dotting around on castors. we take the corners fast, up by chelsea, past the hammersmith fly-over. we turn into a sidestreet and there, sitting calmly on a low black brick wall, i see him, one leg crossed flat over the other, head up, eyes that gaze sagely at something somewhere in the middle distance, beside him a small bag. each of potatoes and green apples - nature in the heart of the behemoth. this man is like the perennial pivot around which all the madness and sham and drudge and ecstasy revolve, the anchor, the root of the world. he is our servant. they named modern mule's most hallowed, most worshipped invention cum drug after him. they called it the TV.

TV Smith knows about disappointment and degradation, about hope and effort, about pain and passion. he knows his faults and his limitations and his successes and ambitions. enigmatic in black velvet jacket (recalling none other than the debonair young r.l. stevenson in his 19th century edinburgh green plush) he walks straight, searching out honesty and justice with an acoustic guitar and a band called the great explorers. he sings



songs of labours and renaissance, he sings

"the easy way"

these hands can't push away all coming dangers  
the left hand and the right hand act as  
strangers

one hand just takes hold of things  
the other has to pay  
they just want it the easy way  
immediately, and for free  
we all want it the easy way  
the easy way

these hands grab every chance for warmth and  
shelter

these hands compete for every passing pleasure  
if we lose every difficulty  
we get weaker by the day  
we just want it the easy way  
immediately, and for free  
we all want it the easy way  
the easy way

these hands could make up with some work and  
patience

these hands could join and then they'd shake  
the foundations

and then they could build again  
but is it likely anyway?  
when we just want it the easy way  
the easy way.

he walks over to the van and hands me, through  
the opened passenger window, the bags of apples  
and potatoes. we howl off tyres screeching like  
some 1990's nightmare ralph steadman collage -  
all grey sky, city lights and warped images. The  
inside of the van is cramped and smoky. eight of  
us bustle elbows and thrust knees carelessly  
into each others backs. arguments fly backward  
and forwards, taking in anything and everything in  
their loud persuasive sway; northern ireland, the  
definition of the phrase 'rock'n'roll', money,  
cigarettes, sexism, society, bands, destinations,  
plans for the day, songs, names, insults. they bounce  
of the walls and all fall down together in a  
melee that positively screams "communication  
breakdown".

of course, it's what remains unsaid that  
causes most harm - in a world of glossovers,  
wilful blindness and crushing silence, we do all  
want it the easy way, immediately and for free.  
our hands won't communicate; the words are out of  
tune, the limbs are out of time. the first step to  
overcome this, like any inherent weakness, is to  
understand and then to admit. I confess. TV smith  
already has. and as we drive deeper into the  
city's trafficlight chaos, he's still sitting  
on his wall.



# APF

let it loose

in the beginning was the noise....

exploitation  
is alive in the streets i'd  
rather just stay in my room  
everything i ever believed in  
hangs limp like a burst balloon  
christmas is coming  
and the man is getting fat  
me i'm getting sucked in  
thought that i was....  
smarter than that !

one side  
is dirty red and  
one side  
is freezing blue  
you stand in the middle  
because  
you've nothing better to do  
i give you a choice  
even though i know you  
rarely stop to even think  
start making decisions  
or start to sink !

when you've grown up ashamed  
with a built in fear  
of authority/parents/church/  
school/truth/freedom/choice  
and your pre planned career  
and your neck is stretched  
on a very civilised noose  
i give you a choice;  
let it die....  
or let it loose !!!!!

copyright  
1980/APF/  
Easter

songs  
& M Scott



and the noise was LOUD!

hunted man, smoke on a cigarette  
hunted man, walk in the dark  
a brand new raincoat and a  
brand new hat  
and i think i know where its at  
sometimes i must eat a lunch  
sometimes i must wash me hair  
lots of times with girls we kiss  
even heroes have to piss

hunted man,  
smoke on a cigarette  
hunted man, haunting the streets  
listen to my music freezing  
in my bed  
try to hide the spots that are  
in my head

when the flying bombs come  
when the flying bombs come i'll be eating my lunch  
when the flying bombs come  
when the flying bombs come they'll land on my lunch  
lunch on....

copyright 1980 n.a.murray/enola music.

michael  
caine smokes!  
**JOHNNY  
YEN**







# JOHNNY YEN

johnny yen is a new glasgow band who've done two great demos which could easily pass for sleazy new york artpunk indie singles. among all the current **scottish** 'in-place' hype in the music papers there are some really good bands - how long till the pearl is passed to johnny yen? contact; simon, 29 etive crescent. bishopriggs, glasgow.

# BISON

NEON  
PARK<sup>xiii</sup>



# The Sid Vicious Lookalike competition

SID-CLONES ~~can~~ your name as come! Your loyalty has been rewarded.

Sounds and Virgin, with the impeccable good taste which has been the hallmark of both organisations, have put together a competition which will gladden the hearts of diehard punks and contributors to the Sounds letters page across the nation.

All you have to do is send us a picture of yourself in your most convincing Sid pose.

The best lookalike will receive win every Virgin single and album released as they come out over the next six months (awe and anguish as the lucky winner watches the mysterious packages dropping into his mailbox at regular intervals: is it yet another Mike Oldfield album or could the opportunist lads at Virgin have dug out yet another Pistols artefact?).

The winner will also get a copy of the Sid Vicious

Family Album, the new book of pictures published this week.

The runner up will get the book, plus a unique (it's literally the only one) copy of the book in poster

And the next 3 best entries will receive a copy of the book.

In the case of a draw the judges will award first prize to the person who supplies the best answer to the following question:

"If Sid Vicious had been a writer and not a musician, suggest titles of books he could have written (these titles cannot be imaginary and must come from existing books by obviously different authors)"

Send us your picture with your name, address and your answer to the question. Entries by Friday October 17 please, to: Sid Vicious Competition, Sounds, 40 Longacre, London WC2

note that phrase; "die hard punks". the people who have most embodied or stood up for the punk ideals, like rotten, strummer, weller, crass, the raincoats and a handful of committed journalists must get sickened. anyone who enters or takes an interest in the sid clone contest isn't a die hard punk, they're idiots - exploited and fooled and society will always walk all over them.

punk rock has nothing to do with hero worship. of course it has a lot to do with identifying with singers and other people, but not to the point of impersonation.

punk was CHANGE when it first exploded and strummer was spot on when he said 'now we've got a punk tradition, we don't want that bull shit'. yes folks, sid clones, bondage pants and swastikas are in their way just as traditional as 'auld lang syne' or the morecambe and wise christmas show (though neither as witty nor as entertaining).

we can't expect any better from virgin records; who take the money and run, or rather, repackage. rebellion by proxy is what virgin are about; safe, sanitised rebellion most definitely without a cause, making money out of myths, deaths and people young enough to know better. virgin's prime clowns ~~simon draper and richard branson~~ what you, as citizen and member of a supposedly aware public, think of their pranks.

virgin have said in the past that they try to give the public what the public wants. let them know you don't want this.

but surely sounds, with its clutch of conscientious journalists (miller, mcGullogh, Waller, park, middles) should have better things to write about. the column inches wasted on that shit could have given a young band their first national exposure.

the clone contest is a snappy method of promotion both for sounds and virgin's new sid 'family album', but, in the words of the specials, that's the worst excuse in the world.

sounds is pathetic - not because we say so, but because sounds makes itself pathetic, and if their editors should read this and think; "well, no more another pretty face articles in sounds, so there", they might care to reflect that we still bought sounds after their reviewer slagged apf's "whatever happened to the west?" 45, 8 months ago. we took notice of his (constructive) criticism. sounds owe us, and you, the same courtesy.

mike scott + john caldwell





# EXISTENTIAL THOUGHT; A PHILOSOPHY OF ACTION

A WORK WRITTEN  
FOR THE NEW EXISTENTIAL  
ORDER BY KEVIN LEYLAND 1980

FOR MORE DETAILS SEND  
SAE TO: KEVIN LEYLAND "NOTES  
FROM UNDERGROUND" 11 ALBION  
ROAD, EARBY, near COULVE, LANCs,  
BB8 6PZ

this letter is an "N"



the starting point of life for all human existents is our birth. its conclusion is our death. whilst we know the date of our birth, we have no idea as to when we will die. this leads to the point that we should not live in the future but seek to exhaust the here and now. death could suddenly come at any time, ruining any plans we might make for 'a better life', in, say, ten years time.

when we were born, we were born without a purpose. you were not born to be a banker or a farmer or even a christian. the only meaning your life should take is one you choose yourself. to achieve something out of your existence you have to set yourself various goals and purposely work towards them.

these goals are not long term - most are attained within a few moments. eg; going into a room to turn the tv off. whilst we are always trying to reach goals some are beyond our potentials (and should therefore be lowered) but the pursuit of a goal is, in itself, a positive achievement.

what motivates us is our desire to achieve something so that in our last dying moments we can look back on life and say 'i achieved so and so'. but this idea is better stated as the 'fear' of only being able to say 'I've achieved nothing' - admitting your life was a waste and as purposeless when you died as it was when you were born. this 'fear' is definitely not a 'fear of death', but the fear of dying, insignificant. if you can face death only if believing you will be happy at death, you have got to have achieved something during life in order to be able to console yourself in your dying moments. (a basic human 'need' - one of the main reasons religion is so popular - once you realise you can make yourself happy on the point of death, you no longer require a religion....)

once again let me state goals are very short term and when attained new 'higher' (ie. with - marginally - greater satisfaction from attaining them) ones should be set. but 'goal' is a vague term and a few words attempting to clarify it would be valuable here;

(a) irrationality plays an important part in deciding which goals to pursue. imagine you are walking to the shops (your goal at the time) and suddenly have a caprice\* and no longer want to walk to the shops. this often occurs but after the



caprice a new goal will be found and then pursued.  
(b) goals which cannot be attained in a day will be the ones which increase by the greatest attainment, in a series (if a series is followed) over a few years - eg. desire to form group - play gigs - release 45 - release LP etc.

(c) goals should be set responsibly - ie. whilst you are pursuing your goals, everybody will be pursuing their own individual different goals. the consequences your action will have on other human beings should be borne in mind all the time.

thus you reach the phrase 'existential thought is a philosophy of action'. to be continuously pursuing goals you must be performing actions at the same time. indifference - saying life after birth is purposeless is not existential. existentialism offers hope (and action) to those made indifferent by our society, by stripping away the beliefs and dogmas and offering humans 'knowledge', ie. life has to be given a purpose by each individual. most individuals are not strongly enough motivated by fear of dying insignificant to perform actions/decisions and so seek the comforts of either traditional society/religions or indifference.

because existential thought/philosophy is about the day to day setting of goals, existentialism is a WAY OF LIFE and not merely an intellectual pursuit. whilst i can direct people to the setting and attaining of goals via positive actions, what these goals are is a matter ultimately solely for the individual. existentialism removes the responsibility of an individual's life from the shoulders of society/god and places it on the individual's own. +  
A WORK WRITTEN FOR THE NEW EXISTENTIAL ORDER BY  
K.L. 10/80

\*caprice = a sudden change of mind without reason.  
† = (people can't accept this because they're not strong or afraid enough and hate existentialism. for every existentialist there are 1,000 anti-existentialists).

\*WAY OF LIFE - you can be/are existential(ist) without knowing what the word means. **EDITOR'S NOTE**

as a postscript to this article i should add a quote from Kevin's accompanying letter to me which throws some additional light on the subject, and the writings above;

"....bear in mind that i am more concerned with stimulating thought in you rather than merely communicating my views which you might reject/accept without thinking. I'd rather they were thoughtfully rejected than blindly accepted."



JAIL GUTARS IDORS

CLANG !! CLANG !!

READ DODAN THEN TOP 2ND COLUMN



**CHAPTER ONE**

LET ME TELL YOU 'BOUT WAYNE

AND HIS DEALS OF COCAINE

AND THE DEA.

LOCKED HIM AWAY!!

HOLD FOR A FRIEND

TILL THE BAND DOES WELL

A LITTLE MORE EVERYDAY

!

A comic book panel showing a man and a woman in a room. The man is shouting, "LOOKED HIM AWAY!!" and the woman is shouting, "TILL THE BAND DES 'ELL FRIEND!". The man is wearing a suit and the woman is wearing a dress. They are both looking towards the right side of the panel. The background shows a room with a desk and a chair.

A LITTLE MORE EVERYDAY

GO THE JAIL GUITAR DOORS CLANG! CLANG!

GO THE KEYS ON THE FLOOR

TO TOP 2ND COLUMN

5 N4070

THEN THERE'S ATE  
DIDN'T WANT NO  
NAME

GAVE ALL HIS  
MONEY  
AWAY — HEY!

CRY CRY, FOR THE  
LONELY  
MOTHERS  
SONS

CLANG! CLANG!  
GO THE JAIL  
GUITAR DOORS!

GAVE ALL HIS  
MONEY  
AWAY — THEY!

GO THE JAIL  
GUITAR DOORS

CRY CRY FOR THE LONELY MOTHER'S SONS...

CLANG CLANG...

PUT TOO MUCH TINK

CLANG CLANG!

GO THE KEYS ON THE FLOOR!



THIS  
they!

CLANG  
CLANG...



CLANG  
CLANG...

FEB 1980 S. ROGERS

LYRIC: STRUMMER/JONES  
(Amendments: Scott)



do you remember the beatles?  
do you care about the beatles?  
john lennon trying to change the world...  
politics in new york '72.....  
peace, freedom and cold turkey '69....  
no half measures....  
the concert for bangla desh.....?

songs as good as 'hey jude'.....?  
the 'yellow submarine' cartoon film.....?  
records as innovative as 'strawberry fields forever'  
and 'I am the walrus'.....?

this isn't nostalgia  
this isn't even about nostalgia  
nostalgia is for consumers with too much  
money and not enough future....  
this is about the beatles who  
still count, somehow....

## Genius of the Regency

by William Gould



## ctors' Bosh

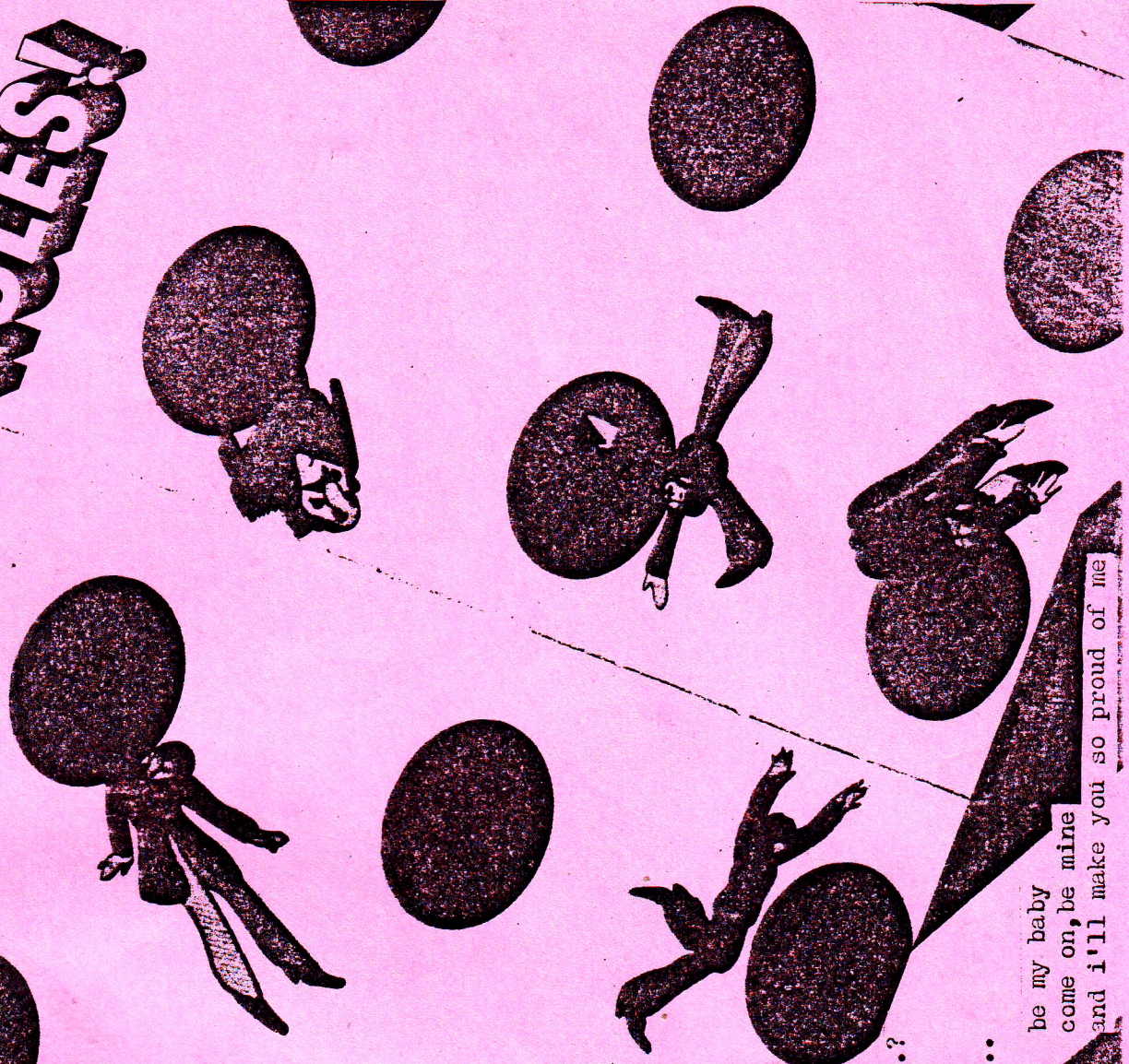
Paul Jennings

but where's john lennon now we need him....?  
behind million dollar doors in palm beach?  
finding out about raising a family?  
don't criticise what you can't understand...  
bob dylan said that.

sometimes i wish i was john lennon  
but i really just wish i was his friend.

be my baby  
come on, be mine  
and i'll make you so proud of me

# THE SEA OF HOLES!







the girl w/ the big eyes is a heroine of mine, who connects not just w/ my eyes  
says a lot to me that can't be found in lyric sheets + the further in I get  
the harder it is to get out....  
I trust my guitar therefore  
high on rebellion  
we black out together  
therefore I would wade  
thru scum for him and  
Scum is Ahead but we  
just laugh! ascending  
thru the hollow mountain  
I am peaking, we are  
kneeling we are laughing  
we are radiating  
at last!!!  
or the words of the song. It's somewhere else — an inexplorable thread  
which twists + pumps, like the music,  
almost parallel if you like, but  
never touching. the girl w/ the big eyes  
tears, but somewhere deep inside. this communication is not from the beat of the music, the thrash of guitars





this page is:  
A MESSAGE FROM JUNGLELAND TO EVERYONE WHO  
BOUGHT THE RECORDS BY SHEENA EASTON AND  
KELLY MARIE.

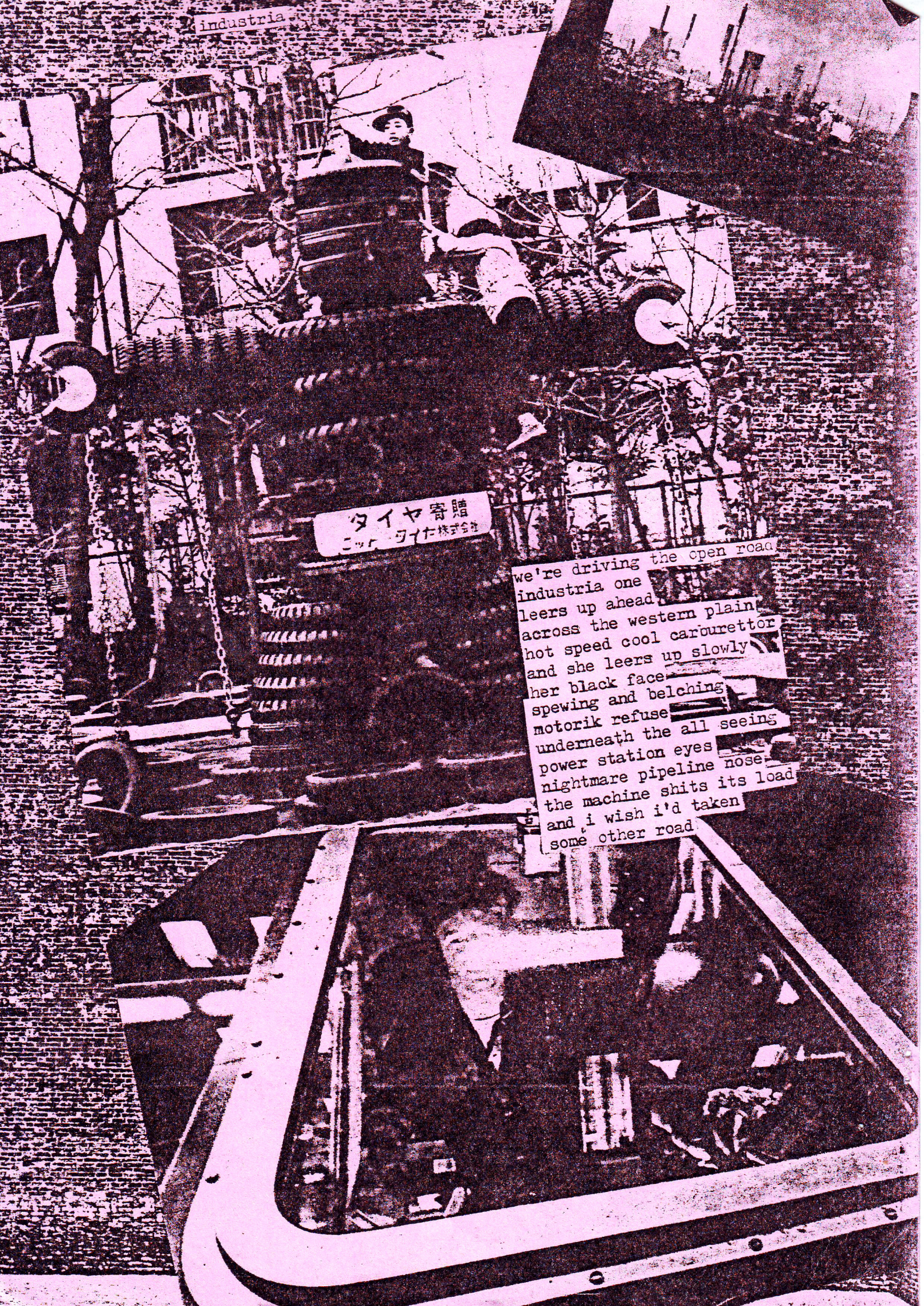
here a statistic to chew over : close on  
half a million people have bought each  
of sheena's two "songs" and kelly's no.  
one hit "feels like I'm in love"(real  
essential stuff!).a peace/de armament  
campaign organised in the scottish town  
of ayr attracted eleven people to their  
first meeting which was,by the way,well  
posterred and advertised round town.and I  
say to myself,what a wonderful world....



industria

タイヤ寄贈  
ニッポンタイヤ株式会社

we're driving the open road  
industria one  
leers up ahead  
across the western plain  
hot speed cool carourettor  
and she leers up slowly  
her black face  
spewing and belching  
motorik refuse  
underneath the all seeing  
power station eyes  
nightmare pipeline nose  
the machine shifts its load  
and i wish i'd taken  
some other road





bruce springsteen;"the river"(cbs records)

like dean moriarty leaving sal paradise in fever in hot high mexico city at the end of "on the road" time has come when i part company with my old friend bruce.

there are different people coming down here now and they see things in different ways - nothing stays the same and these things don't thrill me anymore. the cars, the girls, the lies, the night, the lights. i can't listen with the same ears. the jersey guitars and the rasping sax just go by my head. sure, the voice is still the greatest. a giant rolling son of dirt grinding with experience and pain and passion and truth. on a song here called "the river" the voice sings "i come from down in the valley" and at once it's rich, sad, broken, like the soil itself, transcending classification and comparison. "independence day" is grief and grit - determination in the face of defeat and tradition, the deepest, most sore secrets laid out exposed and naked, but this kind of pain and strength can only be sustained in times of the greatest inspiration and so bruce falls down right between his own pretty lies through the grooves of sixty of the seventy minutes on this record. i don't need any more songs about highways, place names and little girls, and neither do you, and the day we accept from bruce springsteen songs we simply like in place of songs and passions we need is a sad day. bruce doesn't need these songs either, but he gives it and he sings it and he does it and the holes are too numerous to count, too depressing to cross-examine. he sings "I'm a rocker (and i walk!)" and i switch off.

the single great song on this record, and it really is great, is "point blank" where the voice and the lyrics and the music and the truth finally merge and burn, but the lyric is almost too close to the truth, for as bruce calls my name in the rain with an arrow for my heart, a song for my voice and a chord with my name on it, i turn and then i just look away, like just another stranger waiting to get blown away, and i take all the pain and the passion and the truth down into the dirt with me.

but bruce, i swear i never meant to take those things away.



goodbye,  
goodbye



"Goodbye,  
for now!"

